

# WHAT A WOMAN DOES NOT DO.

Another Big Bunch of Old Traditions That Must Go.

"There are some things," said the bright woman, and she said it emphatically, "that I am tempted sometimes to devote the balance of my life to contradicting. I think it would take a lifetime—the belief in them is so deep rooted."

A questioning glance from a pair of gray eyes encouraged the bright woman to continue:

"I know, my dear, you are wondering what at last has made me come to believe that there is in life for me a possible 'mission.' Well, it is just this: Have you ever taken note of the exasperatingly foolish things that a man believes a woman does that she never does do? Now, it is just these wrong impressions that I want to correct."

The owner of the gray eyes, who was also a woman, smiled. Her smile said that she had noted from time to time that man's ignorance of woman was something extraordinary.

"Think of it," said the bright woman, "just think of it—the foolish things that are set down to being 'just like a woman.' If a woman does something particularly clever and praiseworthy she is called 'unusual,' but if she is guilty of a piece of foolishness, immediately a thousand masculine voices are raised to say, 'just like a woman.'"

"In the first place, there is hardly a man in the land but thinks that when he has been as often as four times to call on a girl that girl is quite certain he is in love with her. As a matter of fact, it takes a considerable devotion on the part of the modern man to make the modern maid think he adores her. She has learned to know that a large number of young men consider dancing attendance upon an attractive young woman merely a pleasurable pastime. If you want to help me with my 'mission' work, my dear, you may start out by assuring all your masculine acquaintances that they are inclined to flatter themselves too highly."

"And then there is the idea that a woman peeps into every mirror and shop window that will reflect her image, and that she ties her car fare up in the corner of her handkerchief, and spends unlimited amounts of money on ice cream soda, never is on time to keep an appointment, tells small fibs, delights to have a lot of proposals just for the fun of refusing, and so on. And if," went on the bright woman, "such things do chance to happen, how much better we'd feel, and so much more individual, if we were only allowed a chance for argument instead of having the whole thing finally settled with, 'Oh, that's just like a woman.'"

And when I left them, the bright woman—who is herself young and pretty—and the woman with the gray eyes, they were talking earnestly over what the bright woman had first begun laughingly to discuss.

It bothers the woman whose pride it is to live above the pretty vanities, and to be honest in love affairs, and punctual in keeping appointments, to know that men ascribe any shortcomings she may be guilty of to the nature of her sex. She would far rather have them condemned than condoned through any such reasoning. But though I did not say so to the bright woman and the woman with the gray eyes, I know that the task they are setting for themselves is a hopeless one—hopeless because since the days when Mother Eve let her curiosity get away with her judgment a thousand small follies have been looked upon, not as startling, but as a part of woman's nature.

It isn't pleasant to discover that our idols have clay feet, but sometimes one takes a little secret delight in revealing these same clay feet, of other people's idols, I mean.

"Our idols, you know, are often in the shape of old traditions. I wonder if the bright woman and the gray-eyed woman won't find that the world would rather wag on, believing woman frail and a trifle unreliable? I do not believe they will find the beaux of the present day ready to believe that a girl of to-day does not expect to be adored by every man she meets, just as well as the girls of yesterday did—they have been raised with the belief, you know, these men have, that women have always sat around aimlessly waiting—to be 'courted.' And when they are finally convinced—the bright woman says that she hopes to convince them—that a woman likes a real substantial lunch when she is hungry, better than a glass of ice-cream soda; then, I verily believe, the clay feet will begin to peep out, and woman become less charming in man's eyes."

It is contradictory, but nevertheless true, that while it has ever been the fashion to accredit woman with many small follies and foibles, it has also been the inclination of the many to put her high, high above the earth, earthy, and call her "an angel." However hard you may find it to re-

concile the two you must certainly admit that you find them existing often in the same mind.

Woman rejects the follies that are ascribed to her—who can blame her? but she seldom, if ever, objects to the angel part of it. In fact, she has hugged all the beautiful things said about her angelic attributes to her heart—such as a "guardian angel" over his life presiding, doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing, "until she is inclined to overestimate her ability to remodel almost any man she comes in contact with. While a truly influential can, and often does, work wonders, still it has its limitations. The world has sighed many, many times over the pitiful failure of the good and devoted woman who, having given up all, marries a man "to reform him," only to find that her tenderness and gentleness and piety counted for so very, very little after all.

I am afraid I am helping to reveal some long-hidden clay feet, but if I am, I am not sorry. I do not like the old habit of calling women angels any better than I like hearing a man say that is "just like a woman" when a woman flirts, breaks a heart and throws it aside like a child does a shattered toy.

It is the commonplace woman, the one who admits that, like all humanity—and humanity includes men as well as women—she has enough faults to make her that most admirable of all women, "not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food," and yet possessing a few aims and ideals of perfection that she will never let go of through whatever ups and downs of life may come to her.

The woman who stands out with the belief that she is naturally the angel that some very good poets and others have called her, will not make the best of life for herself or others. She will often be sadly disappointed that her angelic intentions are without weight. She will learn in time that when one is among mortals that one must do as mortals do. I do not mean by this that I believe a woman should ever step down from the high place of womanliness that is her birthright. I only mean that when she is gentle of speech, dignified of bearing, courteous and unselfish and with a reverence for things pure and good, that she has reached a perfection of character that is bound to influence others only for good, but too much faith in her natural goodness will spoil it all.

There may be an occasional angel among women, and there is also an occasional angel among men, but mortal angels are not frequent and not apt to be successes. The most delightful of men and women are those with a few faults and many virtues.—Margaret Hannis, in St. Louis Republic.

## A Conspiracy.

A young man of some prominence in financial circles in a western city made a trip to Europe a few years ago. It was his first journey abroad, and the preparations for it naturally absorbed his time and filled his thoughts for several weeks beforehand. So preoccupied was he that he started eastward with nothing to wear on his head but a travelling cap, leaving his best hat hanging on a hook in his office.

He was gone three months. After returning home and resting a day or two he came down to the office to resume his daily toil. The first thing that struck his eye was his hat, hanging where he had left it.

"That's a stroke of luck," he said. "I was afraid I had lost it. I see it hasn't been disturbed in all these months. I shall just wear that hat again."

"He took it down from the hook, dusted it, and put it on his head. That is, he tried to put it on. It was about two sizes too small.

His office associates crowded around him.

"That's the usual effect," they said. "A man's first trip to Europe always swells his head. Another one will reduce it to its normal size. Better hang the hat back on the hook. You'll have no use for it this year, anyhow. We had hoped differently in your case, but you seem to be an ordinary American traveler—nothing more and nothing less. It's a pity, but there is no help for it."

As the easiest way out of the affair the young financier hung the hat on the hook again, and sent out for a box of cigars.

A week or two later, however, some one in the office casually took the hat down, turned back the sweatband, and disclosed a piece of lamp-wick about eight inches long. It had been put there on the day the owner of the hat started for Europe, and the discovery of it cost him another box of cigars.

Sick headaches, biliousness, constipation and all liver and stomach troubles can be quickly cured by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are pleasant to take and never gripe. Evans Pharmacy.

## Cuba's Curious Animals.

The Spiniard is not the only foe the soldier will encounter in his Cuban marches, says the New York Sun. Cuban sand flies and mosquitoes are much like our own, but we have nothing to match the huge spider, whose bite causes fever, nor the belligerent and known as vivajagna. A scorpion, though not so dangerous as the European variety, proves itself unpleasant enough to the careless traveler, and the chigoe, or "jigger," deals swift retribution to an offender. Its method of attack is inconvenient, for it burrows under the toenail, and, unless removed at once, builds its nest there. In that case inflammation occurs, and the only relief is the painful operation of having the little animal cut out.

Snakes are not numerous, but they include some of the freaks of the animal kingdom. The huge maja, longer than two 6-foot men set end to end, with a body 20 inches in circumference, looks fierce enough and formidable enough to put a whole regiment to flight. It is all a bluff, for the big reptile is harmless.

Among the birds, the soldier may exercise his taste for pets. Those peculiar to the island have beautiful plumage, rich in coloring. There are nearly 200 kinds to be found there, and among them all the vulture and the turkey buzzard are almost the only birds of prey. They are so useful as scavengers to carry away waste material that they are protected from death by law. Geese, turkeys, peacocks and pigeons are the most familiar domestic fowls, and pigs, sheep, goats, mules and horses, the animals used.

The Cuban horses are almost a race by themselves. They are very gentle, they never kick nor bite nor play any unseemly tricks on their riders. In some parts of the island horses receive as much consideration as a member of the family. They are not tied or confined, but they wander about the door yard, put their heads into the kitchen windows to exchange the time of day, and even on occasion have the privilege of entering the house. The sight of humans and equines on terms of such easy familiarity makes one wonder if the days of Gulliver and his horse country have come again.

Sometimes the roads are very bad and the mud so sticky that it holds any foreign substance like glue. For this reason farmers braid their horses' tails, turn them up over their backs and tie them to the saddle. No Northern pony would stand this indignity, but the Cuban pack animals seem quite willing to endure it. In mountainous regions mules are used to carry coffee and sugar down the mountain paths, and to save drivers, mules in long processions are tied together, one's head to another's tail, and with only one man at the head of the column to guide the leader, they carry down their burdens safely. The hind legs of Cuban mules must be worked on a different principle from that in vogue among United States mules. Here no insurance agency would insure a man whose business was tying mules to one another's tails.

The only wild animal peculiar to Cuba is the jutia, or hutia. It is rat-shaped, black and small. It lives in the hollows of trees, like our squirrel, and eats leaves and fruit. Its flesh is insipid, but it is often eaten. Curious modifications of felines and canines inhabit the woods. The animals have sprung from dogs and cats in the domestic state and differ from them only in their size and habits. Some of the intelligence of civilization seems to remain with them, and they cause the farmer much anxiety by their carefully planned attacks upon his poultry and cattle.

The matter of lights is a small item of expense to the poor man in Cuba, for in the phosphorescent fly nature provides him a lamp free. This fly, the cucullo, about the size of our roach, is perfectly black with a transparent breast. Two eyes in front, and one in the point of its breast, give out so much light when its wings are spread that one can see by it to read a letter. Children make pets of cucullo and shut them up in reed cages.

If they feed them on sugar, the sticky particles adhering to their legs exasperate them so much that they fall upon each other like prize fighters. The children avoid this by giving the flies sugar cane. They wash them carefully morning and night, and in this way keep their pets alive and shining for many days.

Fashionable ladies wear the brilliant flies in their hair, and sometimes the belles use them covered with a gauzy material for living belts. One little girl remarked with much solemnity, after examining a cucullo's legs, that God made it with hooks to fasten on little girls' dresses. Left to themselves, the cucullus fly in regular lines, giving the effect of the long procession of the watch at Havana. For this reason the Cubans call them "serenitas de los chicos"—"watchmen of the insects." Fifteen or twenty of them in a calabash pierced with holes, make a kind of lantern often used during the night. A few years ago an adventurous traveler brought a number of cucullus to New York and set them free in Broadway, to the lasting astonishment of an Irishman, to whom

the dancing lamps were such a mystery that he wavered between the pledge and the oculist.

Another curious phenomenon of Cuban animal life is the procession of land crabs across the island. They travel from north to south every spring when the rains commence, and are as regular an institution as the wet weather itself. Shell fish are abundant, but they are of inferior quality. The climate is too warm for them, and oysters there at all times are as unsatisfactory as ours in the months when no magic R appears. The rivers and bays and inlets, however, are well stocked with palatable fish. The iguana, cayman and crocodile are common. A huge variety of crocodile called cayman has a colony of its own on the Isle of Pines. Turtles are found in large numbers in shallows and reefs and on sandy beaches, and they are put to all sorts of uses, from soup to walking sticks. For canes the shell of the early variety of turtle is used. First a strong stick is cut of the length desired. Then the turtle shell is boiled until it becomes a thin liquid, and into this the stick is dipped and allowed to cool. The process is repeated several times till the beautiful tortoise shell covering is of proper thickness. Afterward the cane is polished, headed, fitted with a ferrule, and sold for \$4 or \$5.

Another curiosity is a cane made from the dried skin of the manatee, or sea cow. The skin is perfectly transparent, and when rightly prepared is flexible, but strong enough to be used as a rapier for defense. Mounted in gold and silver, these canes are very expensive. They are rarely seen in Havana, and one tourist, who wished to carry away a cane as a souvenir, paid \$50 for the privilege.

## Why He was Happy.

The rest of the passengers were reading the morning news, but one man gazed with unseeing eyes out of the window and whistled softly, the tune being broken every now and then by a smile that crossed his bearded lips.

The young girl directly opposite thought him handsome, and ascribed his preoccupied air to romantic reasons. And the older woman who sat with her glanced sharply across from time to time to see what the young man meant by rudely whistling in a public conveyance. But the looks of youth and age were alike lost on him, and after a while he turned his face toward the light and sang with such hearty untunefulness that his speckled neighbor felt bound to remonstrate.

"Young man," she finally said, "have you hired this car for your own use?"

He stared at her blankly for a minute, and then flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Was I singing?" he asked. "You were making a horrible noise," she replied.

Then he laughed a wholesome, honest guffaw, and leaned forward confidentially.

"The joke's on me," he said. "To tell the truth, my baby has just cut a tooth, and—and I was thinking how cunning the little chap looked when he grinned."

The war light faded in the woman's eyes and a smile touched the corners of her mouth as she beamed on the young father and said with deep interest:

"Upper or under?"

—H. & B. Beer, of New Orleans, have presented the president with the first bale of this year's cotton, to be used as the president may see fit, for the benefit of the United States hospital fund. The president has accepted the gift and will have it sold on the New York produce exchange to the highest bidder.

The editor of the Evans City, Pa., Globe writes: "One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It cured my children after other remedies failed." It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Farmers in Mexico use oxen of one color in the morning and of another color in the afternoon. They have no reason for doing so beyond the fact that their forefathers did it, and they concluded it must be the right thing to do.

Win your battles against disease by acting promptly. One Minute Cough Cure produces immediate results. When taken early it prevents consumption. And in later stages it furnishes prompt relief. Evans Pharmacy.

—At the beginning of the century the Bible was accessible to but one-fifth of the population of the world. Now it may be read by nine-tenths of the people of the globe, so rapidly has its translation been carried out.

—There are in the United States 178,000 churches and 21,000,000 members.

—Mr. C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmer county court, tells briefly his experience with an epidemic of bloody flux in his family. He writes under date of October 8, 1896, at Auburn, W. Va.: "During the past summer we had three cases of bloody flux in our family which we cured in less than one week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day. This remedy never fails to cure the worst cases of bloody flux and all bowel complaints, and every family should keep it at hand. For sale by Hill Orr Drug Co."

## Nerve in the Navy.

Before the beginning of hostilities with Spain, when the ship's company was drilled in preparing the ship for action, the men all took their stations promptly, and each part of the machinery of the great engine of war was quickly manned, and in a very few minutes everything was ready for action. To an onlooker the quickness and precision with which each man took his station seemed marvellous. If these same people could see the actions of the same men when "general quarters" is sounded and there is reason to believe an engagement is imminent, they would scarcely believe their eyes. Now enthusiasm and spirit dominate everything. Each man knows that on the way his work is done depends in a measure the outcome of the conflict.

When everything is made ready, ammunition hoisted, guns loaded and manned, there comes a period of suspense, a calm before the storm, so to speak. Looking around the decks no sign of fear can be discovered; there are no pale or anxious faces to be seen; nobody seems to be thinking of home; every thought is for the present. Here and there the "jackies" are cracking jokes; the men at the guns that will be engaged seem the most contented of all; their companions on the unengaged side look sorrowful in comparison, and many a little oath is dropped about hard luck by them.

A period of expectancy now ensues. The nerves assume a state of tension, which is relieved as soon as the gun is fired. The crew now settle down to work. The first few shells from the enemy cause comment; when a puff of smoke from an opponent's gun is seen there are some that stop momentarily and watch for the destination of the shell, and feel relieved when they see a column of water rise out of the sea. When the first shell whizzes overhead almost everybody can be seen to duck. This is entirely a reflex act, and is no sign of fear. Soon all thought of the enemy's shells passes away, and the men at the guns have eyes for their own shells only. They know that the best defence is a well directed fire. Each shot from the guns is noted, and when the range is accurately determined the Yankee marksmanship becomes evident.

At Santiago the shooting from the New York was wonderful in its accuracy, shell after shell being dropped exactly in the right spot, and the gunners and others sent up a shout each time a cloud composed of guns and dusty Dons arose out of a Spanish battery. The excitement of action for those who can see what is going on dispels any nervous strain that may have existed.

Below the decks, down in the engine and fire rooms, in the coal bunkers and magazines, there are many men working away, seeing nothing and hearing only the reports of the guns and exploding shells. If the engagement be with a ship they cannot tell at what moment a torpedo will come crashing in through the vessel's side, or if the ship be entering a harbor at what instant the ship's bottom will be blown upward by a mine. These are the people whose nerves are put to a strong test. But they never murmur, and so far no man in the American navy has given in to fear.

The action over and the enemy's fortifications reduced, there is an air of satisfaction visible everywhere. Men can be heard discussing the different shots and talking about the target practice, and wondering when they will get some more. When "secure" has sounded and "retreat" has gone the men go about their duties as if nothing had happened. Looking around they can be seen writing, playing cards, reading and sleeping quietly.

One of the best examples of the pluck and nerve in the American squadron was made manifest when a crew was wanted by Hobson to take the Merrimac into the harbor at Santiago and sink her in the channel. The fate of the men who were to go on the expedition seemed to be sealed, as the chances of getting through alive apparently were very slim. There was no call for volunteers; none was needed, for as soon as it became known that the Merrimac was to go in on its perilous trip practically all of the officers and men in the fleet volunteered, and many were the disappointments when the seven heroes were chosen.

The war, so far as the navy is concerned, has been devoid of many of its supposed horrors, and although the men have been on the larger ships for six months without getting ashore, there are few, if any, who would go home if they had the chance before the final battle is fought.—Medical News.

Mr. H. A. Pass, Bowman, Georgia, writes: "One of my children was very delicate and we despaired of raising it. For months my wife and I could hardly get a night's rest until we began the use of Pitts' Curative. We found great relief from the first bottle. Pitts' Curative acts promptly and cures permanently. It is pleasant to the taste, and children take it without coaxing. It is free from injurious drugs and chemicals. Hill Orr Drug Co."

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## Religion in the Kitchen.

A good deal is said nowadays about religion in politics, in the workshop, in the store, and "on the road." Dr. Talmage speaks out, in the *Christian Herald*, concerning religion in the kitchen:

"There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first they may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned for by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards, the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunshine that falls on the cutlery and the mantle ornaments of a new home. But after awhile the romance is all gone and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called 'Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons' will not teach. The recipe for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness, and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less 600; and he says, writing out of his own experience: 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'—Methodist Protestant.

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We Pay Interest on Time Deposits by Agreement.

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LOST, mislaid or destroyed five Shares of the Iron Belt Building and Loan Association of Roanoke, Va., Certificate of Stock No. 2390, Series R. All parties are warned not to trade for said Stock.  
JAS. W. POORE,  
Belton, S. C., May 18, 1898.—2m.

## NOTICE.

THE management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in this territory is desirous of securing the services of a man of character and ability to represent its interest with Anderson as headquarters. The right man will be thoroughly educated in the science of Life Insurance and the art of successful soliciting. There is no business or profession not requiring capital which is more remunerative than a life agency conducted with energy and ability. Correspondence with men who desire to secure permanent employment and are ambitious to attain prominence in the profession is invited.  
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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
All persons having claims against the Estate of J. C. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.  
O. P. WILLIAMS,  
A. B. SHIRLEY,  
A. N. CAMPBELL,  
Administrators.

June 22, 1898.